**Why We Write: A Manifesto**

I say the things I want to say but can’t (or shouldn’t). I can always destroy it later. No harm, no foul.

I write to get others to write.

It seems that now I write to remember all the things I’d rather forget: grocery lists, laundry lists, lists of students with missing assignments.

Conversations are often surface-level or meaningless, whereas writing allows me to express deeper thoughts.

I write to express emotions that are often lost when spoken.

I write to find the surprise at the end of the poem.

I write to feel creative which is often missing in my management/time-based existence as a Junior High teacher.

I write my prayers to God, not for Him to remember, but for me to see through tie how awesome and faithful He is to answer me.

I write to remember and reflect on little moments I share with my daughter.

I most often write to communicate or process that which gets jumbled when I speak or think. This can be a letter, in a journal, or a grocery list.

I write to remember important events that will hopefully someday be important to my loved ones.

I write to organize--to try to call the chaos into order--to “pen” it down so it slows down enough to see.

I write for smiles, laughter, and common experiences--to remember before it slips away.

My writing is mostly motivated by mandate of professors, students, and family. Where is the times for the sheer joy of writing?

I write to create a legacy of memories, lessons learned, treasures of wisdom experienced for my children.

Writing doesn’t have to be inspired; it just has to be done.